

## A Message to the Year 6 Pupils

There comes a time in the youngest of young lives,  
When you face obstacles that test, that let you shine or thrive.  
Success comes with effort and endeavour, an achievement hard-fought and tough,  
Yet, giving your very best - well that's always – always good enough.

For some, the SATs create a feeling that may worry and bite,  
Just look them square in the eye and with all your might,  
Shout aloud from the rooftops that you are the controller of their fame,  
You are their bosses; you will teach them to be tame.

Such “important” pieces of paper really do hold very little worth,  
They tell you nothing of your talents, which you have developed from birth.  
So what? Wow! You understand a colon: you are clear about their role,  
Do they show you anything about your creative side, your musical flair or your soul?

The resounding answer is “NEVER!” The simpler answer is “NO!”  
One hundred is the number; the “Expected,” the prize for showing what you know.  
Remember you own the pride of Ormesby; you possess our courage and our hope,  
Be resilient, be calm, be focused: have the strength to show you can cope.

Throughout this we will stand beside you, guiding you to find your way,  
You are not alone, nor stranded – we are together - come what may.  
We have the honour to have been your teachers; we all know you're more than ready,  
So let us end this poem with a few final words – just to say, “Steady guys! Steady!”

By Mr. B. Young  
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